

THE HERALD.

JOHN F. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1875.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor, **JAMES M. McCREARY**, of Madison county.
For Lieutenant-Governor, **JOHN C. UNDERWOOD**, of Warren county.
For Attorney-General, **THOMAS E. MOON**, of McCracken county.
For Auditor, **D. HOWARD SMITH**, of Owen county.
For Treasurer, **JAMES W. TATE**, of Franklin county.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction, **H. A. M. HENDERSON**, of Bourbon county.
For Register of Land Office, **THOMAS B. MARCUS**, of Lawrence county.

Resolutions.

We hold it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of the liberties of the citizen, that the several States shall be maintained in all their rights, dignity and equality, as the most complete and reliable administration of their own domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies. Every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to exercise a power not delegated to it in the Constitution, or to exercise a delegated power in any manner not therein prescribed, is an act of usurpation, demanding the instant and unqualified condemnation of a people jealous of their liberties. And we hold that any unconstitutional interference by the General Government with the local affairs of any State to any extent or under any pretext whatever should be at once condemned by all classes of every section of the Union, as all such acts tend to the destruction of our Federal system and the consolidation of all power in a centralized despotism.

It is said, and pretty generally believed, that women dress to worry themselves and make other women unhappy.

SOME one defines a real poet as "a singer whose verses haunt your twilight." This is undeniably a good definition. It includes the musquit and the Leitchfield Herald's pet warbler.

THERE are ten thousand store clerks in Kentucky whose salaries average five dollars a week, but they couldn't part their hair in the center and whisper in church if they were working on farms or at trades for two or three times the money.

AN anecdote for the Leitchfield Herald's poet: "Sir, you are no gentleman," said an irate person to Dr. JOHNSON. "Are you one?" asked the gruff old philosopher. "Yes, sir, I am," was the response. "Then I am not," said old SAM.

LAST Monday a McLean county Granger, with the fingers of both hands tightly clenched in his hair, rushed into Klein & Bro.'s hardware store, crying out: "Here mister, I want a rake, quick!" "A hay-rake?" asked GEORGE. "Hay-rake h—!" shouted the desperate customer, "I want a fine-tooth comb!"

THE jury in the TILTON-BEECHER case have been discharged, it becoming manifest that they would never come to an agreement. This is a virtual condemnation of BEECHER, but he proposes to run Plymouth Church all the same, there being plenty of women connected with it who are more than anxious to take the place of ELIZABETH and respond to the "true inwardness" of their lecherous parson.

A man up at Hartford awoke the other night under the impression that the spirits were tickling him, but after a little patient investigation discovered a pioneer bed-bug. Only this and nothing more.—*Calhoun Progress.*

THERE is something more, however. It occurred here; the man came from Calhoun; he brought the vermin in his hair; and we don't call 'em bed-bugs, up here, either.

THE Courier-Journal of Sunday gives the details of the assassination of the notorious WILLIS RUSSELL at Monterey, Owen county, last Thursday night. He was sitting in a room at his boarding house, about nine o'clock, reading, with the door partially open. The assassins stood off about twenty feet from the door, where they had a good view of their victim, and fired upon him with a shot-gun, the charge, consisting of slugs, taking effect on his head, shoulder and upper portion of the body, producing wounds from which he died between eight and nine o'clock next morning. The murderers, GREEN BARK and GEORGE MEFFERT, as soon as they fired the dastardly shot, mounted their horses and made good their escape. This murder is but another bloody episode of the feud between the WALKERS and SMITHS. Owen county would have been the winner in reputation, and the State saved a round sum of money, if our disinterested advice of three years ago had been followed, viz.: To turn all parties concerned into a field with orders to shoot each other to death. After the extermination of one side, if there were any survivors on the other side then hang them to the nearest tree.

THE LEGISLATIVE CANVASS.

At the Sulphur Springs picnic last Saturday, SAM E. HILL, esq., of our town, announced himself a candidate to represent Ohio county in the next General Assembly. This throws the canvass into a muddle from which the County Democratic Committee may experience some difficulty in extricating the party, the election being so close at hand that it will be impossible to call a convention, nominate Mr. HILL in form, and send him out as the chosen standard-bearer of the party to canvass the county. We have had two candidates in the field for several months—one formally nominated by the County Council of his party, and the other claiming to be an Independent, whatever that is. Of course no one doubted that the Radicals would place a champion in the field, and now we have him in the person of Dr. MEADOR. The regularly nominated candidate of the Patrons of Husbandry, prior to his adhesion to the new party, was a Democrat, and we understand, claims still to belong to the Democratic organization. This claim, coupled with the fact that he is a gentleman of irreproachable character, will secure him the support of many Democrats who would otherwise stand staunchly by a nominee. As the case now stands, Mr. HILL has no stronger claim upon the suffrages of those Democrats who do not recognize the Patrons as a political organization than Mr. HOCKER, from the simple fact that, in the absence of a nomination by a regularly constituted convention of the party, one Democrat is as free to offer for office as another. The County Committee, whose duty it is to guard the interests of the party, and prevent such a state of affairs as at present exists, has neglected that duty, and it doesn't require much of a prophet to foretell the result. ROWE we do not count in the race, as he has no following; HILL and HOCKER will divide the Democratic vote; the Radicals will vote solidly for MEADOR, and that nag will come out under the winning string a length or two ahead of the foremost of his competitors. And the Democracy of Ohio county will have their apathetic Executive Committee to thank for being represented in the next Legislature by a Radical.

P. S.—Since the above was in type the candidates met (last Monday) at the courthouse to discuss the issues before the people. 'Squire ROWE withdrew from the track, which leaves Messrs. HILL and HOCKER to divide the Democratic vote, and thus assure an easy victory to Dr. MEADOR, who, notwithstanding the declaration of leading Radicals to the contrary, is a candidate, and whose name will be put on the poll-books as surely as election day rolls around. They have concocted a neat scheme to distract and divide the Democracy that they may reap victory from our dissensions. Let us not suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked by them. We confess that we would have preferred a fair and square stand-up fight against all opposition. This could only be done with any hope for success under the lead of a regularly nominated candidate. It is too late for that now. There is but one way left to us to frustrate the success of the cunningly devised coup de guerre of the enemy, and that is—if both HOCKER and HILL continue on the track—for the Democracy, regardless of personal considerations, to concentrate their entire vote upon that one of these two gentlemen who presents the greatest show of strength before the people. The triumph of the party and its principles should be the first and vital consideration with us all.

WALLACE GRUELLE NORRIS is the name of a young gentleman who has just made his entrance upon the stage of life in Hardin county. He is represented to us as being hale, hearty and handsome. We congratulate the happy parents upon their treasure. We congratulate ourselves upon the flattering compliment they have paid us. And we congratulate Master NORRIS upon his good luck in christening. We shall watch his future career with interest. We prophesy great things of him. We can see him, as we scan with prophetic vision the years that will unfold before him, respected, happy and useful citizen, loved and honored by his countrymen, progressing from one lofty position to another, until we see him comfortably seated in "the Chair of State" at the White House. And why not? If a babe "cursed with the damnable cognomenation" of ULYSSES SIMPSON can achieve the Presidency, what is to mar the fortunes of one bearing the mellifluous name of WALLACE GRUELLE, each syllable of which falls from the tongue with the purring, tinkling, silvery sound of water dropping from a mimic cascade into the pellucid pool of a summer brook? At all events, god-on, we hail thee, and in the language of honest old RIP VAN WINKLE, "Here's to your good health: may you live long and prosper."

THE PADUCAH HERALD REDIVIVUS—A BACKWARD GLANCE. We are in regular receipt of the Paducah Daily Herald, which has been revived by Col. JOHN C. NOBLE, and takes the place of the defunct Kentuckyian. Of course the Herald will become a power in the party, for Col. N. is one of the foremost political writers in the State. He has ever been an unswerving Democrat, and proved himself in many a hard-fought and desperate contest a fearless, sagacious and trust-worthy leader. We gladly welcome him back to active service, and hope in the years to come to march by his side in many a glorious victory. As we hastily glance back to a quarter of a century ago, when we first donned the editorial harness, of all who then constituted "the fourth estate" in Kentucky, JOHN C. NOBLE's battle-scarred figure is the only one we can recognize of the "Old Guard" in the ranks of to-day. Let's see: COLLINS, of the Maysville Eagle, is dead. PIKE, of the Maysville Flag, is dead. LINDSEY, of the Mt. Sterling Whig, is dead. WICKLIFFE, of the Lexington Observer & Reporter, is dead. TAYLOR, of the Lexington Statesman, went to St. Louis. FRENCH, of the Georgetown Herald, is dead. LYLE and WALKER, of the Paris Citizen, are both dead. ATKINSON, of the Cynthiana News, is dead. CAMPBELL, of the Covington Journal, is dead. FINXELL, of the Covington Register, is dead. ZIMMERMAN, of the Danville Tribune, is out of the business. GIBBONS, of the Harrodsburg Plough Boy, is dead. TANNER, of the Frankfort Yoman, is dead. MORRHEAD, of the Frankfort Commonwealth, is dead, and Col. HODGES is out of the business. MIDDLETON, of the Shelbyville News, is out of the business. PRENTICE, PENN, and HARVEY, of the Louisville press, are all dead. HUTCHINS, of the Henderson Reporter, is dead. RUEA, of the Russellville Herald, is out of the business. And so on down the entire line. And of all the old familiar faces of twenty-five years ago, that of Col. NOBLE is the only one that greets our vision. And of all the political leaders of that day, whose plumes we all followed or opposed in the fight, but one survives, the venerable ARCHIE DIXON, of Henderson. Alack-a-day! time is indeed a whirligig, and right glad are we that, with all its changes, the Paducah Herald and its gallant editor, unscathed and undaunted, are still conspicuous in the vanguard of the army of constitutional liberty.

A Calhoun man, who doesn't belong to the temperance society, found a twenty-four foot snake coiled around his wife's neck the other night, as he was about to get into bed. Springing back he seized a chair and tried to knock the serpent off. For the space of half an hour the neighbors thought they were manufacturing earthquakes in that house. He is confined to his bed, and regales sympathizing visitors with the particulars of an imaginary wrestle with a mule's heels, while his wife dances about the house with a strip of court-plaster on her chin, a springy step, sparkling eyes, and every once in a while a motion of her elbows as though she were about to flop her wings and crow the cock-a-doodle-doo of victory.

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For the Herald.

HOUSE CLEANING.

BY QUIN.

Out with the chairs! Out with the beds, mattresses, stands and all! Take down the pictures from the walls! Up with the carpets! Blessed are the women who have no husbands hanging around in the way, grumbling at the dust and discomfort of house-cleaning time.

If men just had to clean houses once wouldn't it learn them to be patient, and make them lenient to delicate, nervous women, who are irritable from over-work and scold from too heavy a tax on nerve and brain? I guess it would! If they only had to clean out, dust, mop and put to rights the presses, closets and wardrobes for an ordinary family, do you think they could get everything back in place again and keep in good humor all the time?

These house-cleanings! What a world of work and weariness the words suggest! Dust, dust everywhere, pails and mops and scrubbing brushes! So many things to be aired! Furs, blankets and woollens to be packed away! Trunks, chests and drawers, wherein sacred treasures are locked year after year, must be opened. Keepsakes, garments that are needed no more, relics that take us back to the past. Here is a dress that she used to wear. We kiss it silently as we lay it out. Kiss it with a mist of tears dimming our eyes! Here are the gloves her dear hands, never weary in well doing, had shaped! The slippers her weary feet wore last. Feet that have climbed the beautiful hills "Beyond the River," where the green pastures lie, and the still water flows beside Our Father's house of many mansions. Here is an auburn curl and a broken ring. Twenty years ago they were put away. Twenty years ago—"God's pitying angel! Looked upon us all, and loving her the most, Took her sweetest home!"—

I wonder if they call her Annie up there? And here is a watch, still as the heart which stopped beating under it before I was old enough to know the meaning of the word fatherless.

And here is a baby's silken curl! Little Willie!—My head droops lower as I lay it back and take out the old familiar gray-brown suit. Involuntarily I stroke the sleeve. Each touch is a caress—a tender, lingering caress, with a quick quiver of pain running up the arm to the very heart! Ah! how sharp the pain grows! The tough tightens to a clasp!—"Oh my boy!" Not in words. No, no! A dry rattling in the throat, with a strong effort to swallow something which is choking, and the words which would have been a wail are stifled! But bent lower over the trunk, a face all drawn with weeping is buried in the breast of that poor empty coat, and lips that make no moan press passionate kisses on the gray-brown garment which four years ago covered a heart so tender and true, so noble and pure, that angels were sent to take him up where the pure in heart see God!

Ah! mothers, sisters, you know, you who have been through many such house-cleanings, "There's not a fold how'er attended, But one dead lamb is there; There's not a fresside, how'er defended, But has one vacant chair."

Shut the trunk. Close the drawer. God knows it all. We would not bring them back. Not now. No, no. There's no house-cleaning up there. No tears. No heart-ache. Slip out quietly and bathe the red eyes. Wash out the tear-stains. Smooth the face. Hasten back and get things to rights, for supper-time is coming. Such is life.

LEBANON, KY., June, 1875.

For the Hartford Herald.

LONG AGO.

"Backward, turn backward, Time in your flight," is a sentiment that often finds a resting place in our hearts. For the long ago, with its shadows and lights mellowed by distance, is fairer and sweeter than things which the present only half-reveals. How often we hear it murmured: "If it could be as it was long ago, how much happier would I be—how different would be my life! If I could but recall my childhood, and live my life over again, I would control my acts and deeds so as to render the remainder of my days happy and peaceful."

We often hear the drunkard speak of the long ago, as he reels from side to side. In time past he was a noble and promising youth, with everything in his favor, and with but an effort he could have attained for himself happiness and honors that are well worth striving for. But, poor, degraded wretch, he is cared for by none; he is cast aside by every bystander, and the finger of scorn is pointed at him.

Often do we see the once loved and cherished daughter sit and weep over the long ago. How well can she remember when, at the knees of a loving mother, she was taught the first lessons of life; and, as she advanced in years, listened to a mother's good and cheering advice, and the praise and honor of a noble father. Now she sits lone and weary, dreaming over the long ago, and of the sad time when the last ties that bound her heart to earth were severed, and when, by the grave of the dearest object to her on earth, she touched the hands that were clasped in death, and pressed a last kiss on that brow which was so cold and pale. Now she is, as it were, on the stormy ocean of time, left to battle with its waves and reefs and shipwrecks alone.

Thus we often hear some afflicted one murmur, as he lies upon his bed of pain, dreaming over his misspent life and his childhood days which were passed in idleness. And now he only asks for his youth back again, that he may improve his time, and "make his acts most potent for good." But can his youth be restored? The answer is emphatically, No!

The days of the Long Ago are now obscure. They have passed from us. But how easy in fancy to wander back, and imagine ourselves almost as we were in the past; and whether our lives have been spent profitably or not, whether we can reflect back upon the long ago with pleasure or sorrow. Memory, one of the greatest gifts that God has bestowed upon man, will stand before us with the past stamped upon its every feature. A. E. W. CANEVILLE, KY., June, 1875.

For the Hartford Herald.

The Wandering Judge.

SOUTH CARROLLTON, KY., July 5.

EDITOR HERALD:—In Louisville Central Park, it so happened that we observed a man who assumed the appearance of a Hartford Judge. We said a man—well, he did have some of the features of a man, but he more resembled a brewery, for his beer capacity is unsurpassed by a hog-head.

The Judge had a couple of kegs of his favorite "picnic water" emptied into his elephantine stomach, and then began to sensibly realize the heat of the day. Approaching some of his more experienced "puss-gut" friends, he asked if beer ever clattered and "went back on a fellow?" They replied that it would ferment and boil over if exposed to excessive heat. Whereupon the Judge purchased a hog-head of ice-water and had his unlimited bowels well bathed, and then took lone passage on a street-car for Hamberger's, to get further information in regard to his stomach. Having returned from the Park, we felt a curiosity to know the result of the two kegs of beer, and followed the Judge's footsteps to Hamberger's. There sat the Judge, making a strange noise. I first thought he was braying for Will Hays' celebrated jack. This seemed perfectly natural to him. It next seemed that he was imitating that renowned goat. One would have thought him a "Billy" by birth, his mimicry was so perfect. We afterwards learned that the Judge only had one of those severe cases of hicoughs that we have on certain occasions. We truly hope the Judge has recovered from the hicoughs, and especially from that nervous debility which caused him, at Millwood, on Saturday, to overturn the plate from which a South Carrollton Professor was enjoying a delicious dinner. Judge we hope we may meet again on St. John's day, and dine together once more at Millwood.

THE SOUTH CARROLLTON PROFESSOR.

Two miles west of McHenry, Ohio Co., Ky., June 28. EDITOR HERALD:—Having seen nothing in your valuable paper from this vicinity, I will try in my feeble and awkward manner to write something about the prospects of the crops, if you think it worthy a place in your columns. Corn, wheat and oats look fine. The wheat is nearly all ripe enough to harvest. One or two crops were harvested last week, and if we don't have too much rain, everybody in this neighborhood will get done this week. If it continues wet, as it has done for two weeks, it will injure wheat in the shock. Corn is growing very fast, and the weeds equally as fast—for it has been too wet to plow for some time, and the weeds have got a very good start of some of our corn.

The rain on last Monday night washed the ground considerably, and swept every fence "clear and clean" wherever there was a branch. It was the most rain that was ever known to fall in one night's time in this neighborhood. It was an eight inch rain.

Your paper is a welcome visitor every week to me, and I hope when times get better to get up a club. Last Sabbath we had the pleasure of hearing an elegant sermon delivered by E. V. Phipps, at the Central Grove Schoolhouse, near E. Miller's.

SUBSCRIBER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

By virtue of an order of the Ohio County Court, made at the July term, 1875, of said Court, there will be polls opened in DISTRICT NO. 6, (ELLIS'), and DISTRICT NO. 11, (BARTLETT'S), Ohio county, on the first Monday in August, 1875, to elect a Constable in each of said Districts, to fill vacancies caused by the failure of the Constables elect to qualify. Given under my hand this 6th day of July, 1875.

T. J. SMITH, S.O.C.

CHAPTER 10.

AN ACT

To take the Sense of the People of this State as to the Propriety of Calling a Convention to Revise the Constitution.

WHEREAS, It is represented to the General Assembly that many of the good citizens of this Commonwealth do verily believe that experience has pointed out the necessity of calling a Convention with the view of amending the Constitution of this State; therefore,

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That it shall be the duty of the Sheriffs and other returning officers, at the next general elections to be held for Representatives after the passage of this act, to open a poll for and make a return to the Secretary of the State for the time being of the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted for calling a Convention.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That any Sheriff or other returning officer failing to perform the duty according to the provisions of the first section of this act, shall be subject to a fine of six hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment by any court having jurisdiction thereof, and also be subject, upon conviction of such failure, to removal from office.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to have advertised this act in the columns of one weekly newspaper in every county of this State for two consecutive weeks immediately preceding the election herein, and in one of the daily newspapers of the city of Louisville for thirty days immediately preceding the election. Provided, however, There is no weekly newspaper in any one or more counties of this Commonwealth in which said advertisement can be made, it is made his duty to have posted a printed copy of said bill, in handbill form, at the court-house door of such counties, for at least two consecutive weeks preceding said election.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted, That the Public Printer shall, upon a separate leaf or sheet, print ten thousand copies of this act, and deliver them to the Secretary of State, who shall send seventy-five copies of the same to the clerk of the county court of each county in the State at the time of forwarding the acts of the General Assembly, and said clerks shall deliver the same to the sheriffs of their several counties.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the clerks or judges conducting the said general election to propound distinctly to each voter the following interrogatory: "Do you vote for calling a convention or not? And if he answers in the affirmative, his name shall be recorded as having voted for calling a Convention."

Sec. 6. Be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Assessors of tax to open a column in their Assessors' books, and enroll therein the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representative for the year 1875; and they shall be governed in all cases, in ascertaining who is entitled to vote by the laws then in force to prevent illegal voting; and this column, written in a fair and legible hand, shall be transmitted with the Assessors' books to the Auditor, who shall make out a copy thereof, and deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit the same to the next Legislature, as a list of those who are entitled to vote for Representatives, in order that the Legislature may have the means to ascertain whether a majority of the citizens of the State entitled to vote for Representatives have voted for a Convention.

Sec. 7. Be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of each Assessor of tax, who shall be in office in the year 1875, as soon as he shall be advised of the passage of this act, to go before a justice of the peace and take the following oath: I do solemnly swear I will, to the best of my skill and judgment, fairly ascertain the number of qualified voters in the district in which I was elected for the year 1875, and report the same, with my book made as Assessor of tax, before the first day of May, 1875.

Sec. 8. Be it further enacted, That the Assessors of tax may, and they are hereby required to examine on oath any person in relation to his right to vote for Representatives, when he has doubts as to his right to vote; and any person who shall knowingly swear falsely before the assessor, and shall therefore be convicted, shall be subjected to all the pains and penalties of the crime of perjury.

Sec. 9. Be it further enacted, That the assessor shall write "sworn" opposite the name of each person who may be sworn by him.

Sec. 10. Be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Public Printer to print five hundred copies of the seventh, eighth and ninth sections of this act immediately after its passage, and deliver them to the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit them forthwith to the county clerks, to be delivered by them as soon as possible to the assessors of tax for the year 1875.

By authority of the General Assembly.

G. W. CRADDOCK, Secretary of State.

Approved December 18th, 1873.

R. G. MERRILL. S. J. HART.

MERRILL & HART,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 172 Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

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